

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Giue me thy poynard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall yow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-lunge vs both to Ring.

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lau. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a woman face,
Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lau. Swere Lords, intreat her heare me but a word,
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory,
To see her teares, but be your hart to them.

Lau. As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine,
Who did the Tigress young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckt from her did turne to Marble.

Euen at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chiro. What
Wouldst thou haue me proye my selfe a bastard?

Lau. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes pay'd all away.

Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,
The while't their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lau. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lau. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tamo. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lau. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tamo. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace,
No womaphood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth,
Bring thou her husband, bid vs hide him.

Tamo. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her lute,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Andronicus* be made away: A *Tamo* and
Now will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trunk of Rouse.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.
Aaron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtle Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briars,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Marti. Oh Brother,
With the dismall it obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallo'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncooth feare,
A chilling sweet ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughterd Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?
Marti. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring recepracle,
As hatefull as *Orcus* muste mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
Imay be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.

Marti. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Doth fall in.
Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge;
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.
Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tamo. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottom doft thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tamo. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.
Saturine reads the Letter.
And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet *brist* *sm*, *Bassianus* 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury *Bassianus*
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aaron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sir drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuise'd
Some neuer heard-of torturing paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, *Andronicus* bid
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerence
They shall be ready at your
To answer their suspition
King. Thou shalt not be
Some bring the murdered
Let them not speake a word
For by my soule, were there
That end vpon them shoul
Tamo. *Andronicus* I wil
Feare not thy Sonnes, they
Tit. Come *Lucius* come
Stay not to talke with them

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Enter Marcus from
Who is this, my Neece that
Cosen a word, where is you
If I doe wake, some Planet
That I may slumber in eter
Speake gentle Neece, what
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and
Of her two branches, those
Whose circkling shadowes
And might not gaine so g
As halfe thy Loue: Why
Alas, a Crimson river of wa
Like to a bubbling fountain
Doth rise and fall between
Comming and going with
But sure some *Terens* hath
And least thou shouldst de
Ah, now thou turn'st away
And notwithstanding all thi
As from a Conduit with th
Yet doe thy cheekes looke
Blushing to be encountred
Shall I speake for thee? Sh
Oh that I knew thy hart, an
That I might raile at him t
Sorrow concealed, like an
Doth burne the hart to Cin
Faire *Philomela* she but lost
And in a tedious Sampler s
But lovely Neece, that mea
A craftier *Terens* hath thou
And he hath cut those pret